

How to live with monsters by yaoigirl666

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Summary: Mica is a 16 year old witch living alone... well with no parents anyways, She has a demon clown inhabiting her drains, and a smart ass nightmare plaguing her dreams, and on top of all this she has to find and capture MORE monsters to tame. What's a girl to do? I do not own Freddy Kruger or Pennywise the Clown, they belong to Steven King and Wes Craven.

1. How to live with monsters

How to Live With Monsters

Miea woke with a start, her alarm clock blaring; apparently, it had been set an hour late. "Crap!" she said, "Now I'm gonna be late for school." She got up and ran to the bathroom; (throwing a casual concealment charm on the shower drain so a certain clown couldn't watch her shower) she turned on the hot water, striped down and got in. She was just about to grab the shampoo bottle when the shower head started spewing blood. "God damn it Penny!" She yelled stomping her foot, "I do *not* have time for this today!" she reached to turn off the faucet, when she heard a cackle from outside the shower curtain. "Crap." She hissed seeing the silhouette of a man with a knife decked right hand outside the curtain. "Piss off Kruger!" she snarled, the blood stopped and she dreamed herself some cloths.

"Today is the day you d-"The nightmare was cut short by a fist colliding with his face, causing him to fall to the floor with an "oof!"

"Today," said Miea, "Is the day I ace my chemistry final." She stepped out of the shower and gave the nightmare a triumphant grin. There was a beeping sound and she smiled even wider, "Got to go," she said wiggling her fingers tauntingly.

Miea woke again to the sound of a blaring alarm clock. It was 7:30; right on time. She changed out of her P.J.s and into a bath robe. She walked into the bathroom and again turned on the water after throwing a concealment charm on the shower drain. There came a muffled "Aww" from somewhere in the bathrooms piping.

"Deal with it Clown-boy." She snarled, "I don't like peeping toms." She shrugged off her bath robe and got into the shower. "Haaa," she said relaxing in the hot water. When her shower was over she stepped out and wrapped a towel around herself. She looked to her right to see a very unhappy nightmare glaring at her. "Am I still dreaming?" asked the young witch confused.

"No," said Freddy, "you may not know this Miea, but I can go in and out of the dream world as I please."

"Good for you, now piss off, I have a test today and I do not wanna be late for school." Said Miea, annoyed.

"Yah, I know, you made that quite clear," said Freddy rubbing his jaw.

"Well maybe if you gave up on trying to kill me we wouldn't have this little problem."

"I hate to interrupt," came a voice from the bathroom sink, "but if the two of you could argue elsewhere, I would be most grateful." A clown head poked up from the sink drain, "I get headaches when I have to listen to people bicker."

"You know Penny, if you listen really close you can almost hear the sound of no one giving the furry crack of a rat's ass," said Miea, cupping a hand to her ear. Freddy Laughed. "Well by," said Miea, looking at the clock above the sink. "I'll be at school 'till about 5:00, I have horology club today."

"What the hell's horology?" asked Freddy and Pennywise in unison.

"It's the study of watches, clocks, and other clock work devices." Miea said proudly. "Any way, there's a sandwich in the fridge for you Penny." And with that she went to her room changed into her school clothes and walked out the door.

2. How to scare monsters

How To Live With Monsters Part 2

Freddy's POV:

"Who's it from?" I ask, when I see Mica sitting on the couch reading a letter. It looked very official and for some reason there was an owl perched on the arm of the couch eating what looked like chopped mice out of a bowl. I shivered, it probably **was** copped mice.

The witch looked up at me as if she had just noticed my presents, which was strange considering she could usually sense me the minute I left the dream world. It had been about a month since she realized I was capable of leaving the dream world as I pleased, and she had wasted no time putting up wards around the house so I would be trapped here like I was in the dream world. Which I had always thought of as odd, seeing as most of my victims had tried their damndest to keep me **away** from them. Then again Mica wasn't really much of a victim, now that I think about it.

"A school." She stated, simply, and went back to her reading.

"What kind of school?" I asked, trying to get more out of her.

"A magic school." She said.

I was a little shocked by this but not by much, Mica was a witch after all, I suppose there kind having a school dedicated to honing their powers made sense. "What do they want?" I asked, still annoyed that she wasn't giving me more information.

"They want me to attend." she said with a sigh, folding the letter and setting it on the coffee table. "Normally they would send a letter when the child turned eleven, but They only recently took interest in me, considering they don't usually concern themselves with our country's affairs."

That last part confused me a little, was this school overseas? That would mean if she accepted she might set me free, or so I thought.

"Where is this school?" I asked sitting down in the arm chair.

"England." she responded, getting up to grab a piece paper and pencil, she then sat back down and began to write.

"What's it called?" I asked, now curious.

"Hogwarts." She replied.

"Nice name." I sneered.

"Yeah, It's corny," she said, "But It's a good school, and I'd be more than willing to help with there little problem."

"Little problem?" I asked, now very interested. Annoyingly, she put her index finger to her lips, w gesture I had learned to mean: 'I've said to much' or 'I could explain it to you, but it's much more fun to watch you helplessly flounder about in ignorance'.

"Fine don't tell me." I said.

"I wasn't planing on it." she grinned, then she completely changed the subject completely, a very Midea-ish tactic. "I'm going camping this Friday."

This range warning bells in my head for some reason, then I noticed the calender: this Friday was the 13th of September = Friday the 13th. "where are you going camping?" I asked despite my self.

"Camp Crystal lake." she answered. "Why?"

Fuck.

"You can't do that!" I shouted, standing up abruptly.

"And why ever not?" she asked cocking her head to the side.

"It's to dangerous!" I shouted before I could stop myself.

"I'm sure what ever is waiting there, I can more than handle." she said straitening her back and raising her chin in a way that clearly said: 'As you should very well know.' "Besides," she said, "why should you

care?"

This made me think, why did I care? I'm sure a normal person would have actually tried to figure out the answer to that question, but I never was never one to evaluate my self, a trait that was (unbeknownst to me) really gonna end up biting me in the ass later, so i just said the first thing that came to mind: "Because your *my* kill."

Shit.

Wrong. Choice. Of. Words.

Miea shot up like a rocket from the couch and had me pinned to the ground before I had time to blink. "As you can see, Mr. Crugar" she all but snarled inches from my face, "I am more than capable of defeating you."

I was more afraid at that moment than I had ever been when I was alive, and I'd had some pretty scary times. First off: Miea only ever called me 'Mr. Crugar' when she was really pissed at me, Second: her eyes had gone completely black -as in no whites or irises- Pennywise had told me some Hunter Witches (witches that hunted monsters and demons that threatened humanity) some times did that just before a kill, and last but not least, I learned that day that when Miea had told me she put glamours on her a while back, I was wrong to think they were for something as mundane as covering acne like I had thought, they were in fact meant to cover her long, spaded tail, sharp needle-like claws, and curved ram's horns that looked capable of gouging out solid rock.

Despite that I was some how miraculously able to stay calm and snarl right back "You're obviously faster than me, but that doesn't make you better fighter." Again: wrong choice of words. With an inhuman screech that could have put an angry Banshee to shame, she hurled me into the wall and ran up to me in a blur again pinning me where I was, had my heart still been beating, it probably would have stopped at that point.

She snarled and a long spike slid from the tip of her tail hovering just inches from my right eye, I knew she couldn't permanently maim me,

but she could certainly cause me a lot of pain if she wanted. This was because she had put a spell on me when I had first started dream stalking her so that I could feel things like I was still alive.

"You can hurt me Witch, but you can't kill me." I sneered. Damn I was on a role today. *Way to go Freddy, you just bought your self a one way ticket to a world of pain.* I thought bitterly.

She raised a clawed hand, probably about to slash it across my face, *was this how my victims felt just before I killed them?* I wondered, when I heard the voice of my own personal Jesus Christ, and now favorite living entity in all of existence.

"I hate to interrupt," said Pennywise, "But didn't you once tell me you got this rug from an expedition to Persia?"

I had absolutely no idea what the demon clown was getting at, but if it kept the psychopath that was currently inhabiting Micia's body from tearing me into little bitty pieces I was all for it.

"yessss" she hissed, her voice now far from anything that would pass for human, "What of it?"

"Though Freddy might be dead," he said, crossing his arms and casually leaning against the wall, "He would still bleed all over the rug if you were to punish him for his insolence."

Penny you heartless bastard.

Okay so maybe he had lost the 'favorite entity in all existence title, but he had saved me from a whole world of hurt so he got to keep 'personal Jesus Christ.'

"The carpet can be cleaned." she said, but now she had lost the hiss to her voice and her eyes had gone back to a sparkling hazel and were no longer a threatening black.

"Is he really worth the trouble?" Asked Penny.

"No," she said, finally letting go of me, "I suppose not."

Her claws retracted and became normal again, her horns receded

back into her skull, her tail vanished into the small of her back, her ears (which I just now noticed had become pointed) rounded off to look more human, and finally her fangs (which I had also just noticed) retracted back into her gums.

"Well then," he said clapping his hands together once, "what's this I hear about my favorite witch going to a haunted summer camp?"

That wasn't all just flattery, Miei and Penny really did get along rather well, he had even blatantly stated to me that he would beat the tar out of me if I hurt the 'little night blossom'. Penny had been with Miei since she was about eleven, having been her first catch as a monster tamer. And rather than fight back, like I often did, he had decided to make the most of being in the presents of a witch. 'She is a fascinating creature' he had said 'I see this as an opportunity to learn more about her kind.'

"I was just telling Freddy that I planned to go to Camp Crystal Lake on Friday, he freaked out before I could explain that I had heard strange reports about a masked killer and was going to investigate." she answered, as though she were defending herself to a parent, some times I wonder if the girl really did think of the clown as a parental figure, she asked his advice a lot and he sometimes gave her pointers when it came to some of the more violent magic she had to learn in the name of her job as a monster tamer. Come to think of it, maybe Penny thought of her as more than a learning experience. After all he was awfully protective. If it was just him being a pervert I'd understand, but he seems to act the part of adviser. Don't get me wrong, Miei's definitely in control, but he does give her advice, and helps calm her down when she seems on the breaking point (example above).

"In to the jaws of the beast, Little Blossom?" asked the clown.

"Please do not call me that, and yes it is my job as a monster tamer and a monster hunter to get to the bottom of this." She replied.

And because my mouth had decided to declare it's independence today: "His name's Jason."

Somebody Kill me. (Again).

"Oh," she said turning to me, "You know him?"

"I fought him once." I said.

"Who one?" she asked with a smirk.

Time to lie. "I kicked his ass."

"Of cores you did," she smirked.

Bitch.

"Well I'm gonna go pack." she said turning to leave.

"Good luck." I murmured as she stalked away. My mouth and I needed to have a serious discussion.

"Well, Freddy did you learn anything today?" asked Penny.

"Yeah," I said, "You're an arrogant ass and Miea has anger issues."

Penny Smirked. "Well, good night Freddy" he said, crossing the room to where the owl sat, perched on the sofa. He then picked up the paper and Pen and scribbled something, rolled it up and tied it to the owl's leg, the bird took off through the open window.

* Weird.* I thought. *Oh well time to get back to the dream world, I think I'll leave miss anger management issues alone for now though.*

3. How to Live Through a Road Trip

HOW To Live Through A Rode Trip

Freddy's POV

I looked at the supplies laid out on Miera's kitchen table. "I gotta say Miera," I commented resting my palms on the tabletop, "With all this you stand a pretty good chance against Jason."

"Thank you Freddy," she said while cleaning her Double Barrel. "Have I convinced you that I will be safe enough on my mission?"

I was about to say yes, but then I thought about it, while looking over her supplies: two Katanas, three grandes (I didn't even want to know where the hell she got those), A cross bow with a full quiver, the Double Barrel she was cleaning, a sleeping bag, a down pillow, a backpack that was unzipped allowing me to see some cloths peeking out (I assumed it also held toiletries as well), several boxes of ammo , And a silver sword with what looked like rubies inlayed in the hilt just above the leather grip.

*This paragraph just talks about Miera's sword.

(I knew the metal used to make the sword wasn't silver, as that would be to weak, according to Miera it was made of scales from a Star Dragon, an extinct breed. Somehow the maker of the sword had managed to melt the scales down to shape it, 'a damn near impossible feat' as Miera said, as a result the blade was virtually indestructable and capable of cutting almost anything like it was warm butter. The rubies, were not what they seemed either, Necro Dragons, also extinct, were known to shed tears of blood for there kills which would then harden and held powerful magic, what that magic was I didn't know. And last but not least the leather on the hilt was made from the hide of a Lokie Dragon, named after the Norse God Loki for their mischievous habits, these dragons were still bountiful according to Miera, they were also about the size of a cat so they were pretty easy to kill and not very dangerous, apparently they're pelts are valuable all the same though because they had some sort of magic, again I had no idea what that was, also the hide was extremely

durable.)

She had about everything she needed, but she was missing something. "Are you going to bring food?" I asked.

She finally finished cleaning and reassembling the gun, so she looked up at me. "It's in the middle of the forest next to a large lake." she said like she was explaining something simple to an idiot.

"Yah so?" I asked wondering what that had to do with food.

"So," she said exasperated, "I can easily hunt and fish for my food."

"Oh," I said, "Well then if you plan on fishing shouldn't you bring a pole?"

Miea treated me to a very creepy smile, complete with long fangs (apparently she could phase certain parts of her true form as she pleased). "I prefer a more natural method." she said.

"So you'll hunt with weapons but you won't fish with them?" I asked.

"The weapons are for... Jason I believe you said it was, I hunt by hand as well."

Had any other person said that to me he would have laughed at them, but from what happened the other day, I could easily imagine the girl taking down a moose without breaking a sweat.

"Fine, but what if you don't find any game?"

Miea sat up in her chair so she was ramrod straight. "If you are so concerned for my safety, than why don't you come along and actually make use you're of self?" she shouted.

"I think that would be a fair idea." said a calm voice.

We both turned to face Penny, who had just spoken. "It was a false suggestion to make a point." said Miea.

"She'd snap and exersize me within the first two minutes of the car ride." I said, flinching away from the death glare she shot me at the

jab to her self control.

"Or it could be a wonderful chance for the two of you to bond." he said. 'Yup' I thought, "definitely a paternal role."

"And why do you feel I need to bond with the little idiot?" she asked.

"Hay!" I said, offended.

"Because if you intend to keep him hear and reform him you will need to bond with him." He said.

'Reform me?' I thought, 'What the hell does that mean?'

"Very well," she said, "I'll take him along, he can be used as bait I suppose."

"Bate!" I showed outraged. "I'll stay here thanks." I huffed.

"Oh?" said Miea, with an evil grin, "Did you think you had a choice?"

I folded my arms across my chest and leaned against a wall, defeated.

The Next Day.

"You're really going to take me?" I asked for probably the fifth time since yesterday.

"Yes!" she said exasperated. "Now would you please make yourself useful and help me find my double barrel? I seem to have lost it.

"S'right hear." I said gesturing to the elusive gun laying on the sofa.

"Ah, thank you." she said. "Now do I have everything?" she asked, more to herself than to me.

"Looks like it." I said.

"Well," she said clapping her hands, "Lets get going then."

The car ride was far worse than I had anticipated; not only did Miea yell at me for the stupidest things, she also forced me to 'make myself useful' by pumping gas, changing tiers, cleaning weapons and, (my

personal favorite) push starting the car when it had a break down.

Finally after a whole week, a whole F***ing week, we had arrived at Camp Crystal Lake and I was about to kill the stupid witch, and Miei was probably just as ready to kill me.

"I'm going for a walk." I said, getting out of the battered old Pick-Up and slamming the door, why we couldn't have taken her brand new (and fully functional) 2009 Honda Civic, was beyond me.

"No, you are not." Said Miei, her voice trembling a little with the leftover anger of our previous conversation. An argument mainly consisting of Miei teasing me about how many times I had been killed (yeah that's right she knew all of them) her personal favorite to use seemed to be Nancy. That didn't mean I hadn't gotten a few good jibes in about some of Miei's more 'exotic' exes (for some reason the girl tended to date: Vampires, Werewolves, Incubi, and other Dark-Worlders). I had chosen to pick on her mainly with her most recent attempt at romance, an Asanbosam by the name of Samuell, it had been an ugly break up, according to penny (the two had cut it off before I got captured).

"And why not?" I asked, wondering what was so wrong with a simple walk.

"Because, I have no intention of letting you out of my sight for fear that you would cause trouble, that and I want you to set up the tent while I put up protective spells."

"Fine!" I huffed, knowing it was best to just do as she asked rather than get a swift fist to the face.

I started to pull the tent bag out of the Truck bed, when a thought occurred to me.

"Hay Miei." I said.

"Yes?" she replied from her lotus position on the top of a picnic table.

"Don't they have cabins hear?" I asked.

"Yes they do, but I prefer to sleep in a tent when camping," she said,

then as an afterthought she added, "besides, have you seen those cabins? They're rather disgusting."

"Fine, whatever Princess," I said, shrugging my shoulders.

"What?" she asked.

"I said whatever."

"No, I mean what did you call me?" She asked with a confused look on her face.

"Princess?" I replied, not sure why that was important.

"Why would you call me that?" she asked tilting her head to the side.

"Gee, I don't know, maybe because you can't handle sleeping in a dirty cabin." I said, starting to get exasperated.

"Ah, I see." She seemed to be contemplating something.

"Just get back to your spells, Princess and I'll finish up with the tent, the sooner we do that the sooner we can ignore eachother." I said.

I wasn't quite sure why I had used the name 'Princess' again, maybe it just suited her. I turned to look at the witch sitting on the table; back straight, head held high, and an air about her that said: 'I'm better than you simply because I'm me.' 'Yeah,' thought Freddy, Princess definitely suits her.

Next Up: How to survive at Camp.

Hope you all enjoyed, comment's are welcome, and they make me write faster!

4. How to Survive at Camp Part 1

"I got your damn firewood!" Freddy yelled, as he shouldered open the door of the cabin. He unceremoniously dropped the heap in a corner and arched his back until he heard a satisfactory 'pop'. "Hey, Princess!" he yelled, looking around the room. There was a small sofa next to a large fireplace, adjacent to that was a cushy looking armchair, next to the armchair was an end table that held a single lamp and a book. It was the book that caught Freddy's attention. "That wasn't there yesterday." He mused. He stepped forward to look at the book, that's when he noticed the cover: 101 Combative and Protective Spells and reached out to touch the book and his fingers met with smooth leather. He began to trace the intricate designs with his fingertips; they looked to be runes of some sort, all curling spirals and sharp corners, and it seemed the more he looked at it the more runes he could see.

"You can read it if you want." Came a voice from behind him.

"Shit!" Freddy yelled, jumping at the sudden sound. "Ya can't sneak up on a guy like that Miei!"

Miei laughed, "But it's so rewarding to hear you yelp and watch you jump like you just saw a large snake." She replied with a smug grin.

Freddy shivered, he hated snakes, almost as much as he hated the dream people, which kinda made sense, considering the dream people's similarities to the damn things. "Do you want me to read it?" he asked.

"It matters not to me, little nightmare, you are not the best fighter I have encountered thus far, and perhaps if you knew some actual spells you would be more of a challenge." Miei took on a thoughtful look for a moment and then opened the book to a particular section. "Might I suggest you start here?" she said handing Freddy the book.

Freddy looked at the page and felt a flicker of annoyance, the pages were covered in the same intricate looking runes that were on the outside of the book. He was about to tell Miei that he couldn't read it when the runes began to move and shift into english letters. "Did you

see that?" He asked, utterly astounded.

"The book was originally written in the Necromantic runic system, but most available copies now days have an automatic translation spell on them so when looked at with the intention of reading, the runs shift themselves to be comprehensible to the reader." Miega explained.

"Why not just have different copies in different languages?" Freddy asked.

"Mostly because it's easier to just use duplication a spell on the original and charm the whole lot with one spell, than to translate each one to another language separately." She explained.

Then Freddy remembered something, "What's Necromantic?" he asked, quirked a ridge where his eyebrow once was.

"The language of the dead," Miega said, giving the dream demon a questioning look. "Freddy, you've been dead for about forty five years, shouldn't you know this stuff by now, hell you should even be able to read necromantic."

"The gig didn't really come with a how to book Princess," Freddy said, feeling defensive.

"Necromantic is not a language that can be learned, one simply gains the ability to read and speak it after they die or if you are a daemon you simply grow up speaking and reading it."

"So how come I can't speak it?" asked Freddy, getting annoyed.

"Why indeed..." Miega mused to herself.

"Whatever, I'm gonna go swimming." Freddy said abruptly.

"You swim." said Miega, looking up abruptly at the nightmare.

"Yeah I swim." Said Freddy defensively, as he stormed away. He had no idea why he wanted to go swimming, he had just felt some sort of sudden urge to go toward the lake. When he got there the most breathtaking sight was there to greet him: The setting sun was

floating lazily on the horizon and the entire lake looked like it was on fire. At this sight a rhyme from his childhood came back to him, well it wasn't really a rhyme really, his mother used to tell him about hell on a regular basis, Freddy supposed that was because she thought he was headed there from the start. 'Burning in Water, Drowning in Fire.' his mother used to say, 'thats what waits for the souls in hell.' And right now the lake looked like a lake of fire.

While Freddy was admiring his lake of fire, somewhere deep in the forest, something began to stir. Something that had been asleep for quite some time. Something primal and territorial. Something that knew that smell wafting through the trees, that smell of smoke, steel, and... something else, something this thing could not identify, but it was the same smell that came to him sometimes before he would kill. It was the scent he smelled around the teenagers when they were doing something his mother always said was bad and disgusting. Yet it was different somehow, rather than being overpowering it seemed... sweet? Like it was calling to him, it seemed to be under the surface rather than permeating the air. Whatever the other smell was when mixed with the scent of smoke and steel, Jason knew the scent belonged to Freddy Krueger, who, for whatever reason, was back in his camp.

5. How to seek revenge part 1

Smoke, Iron, and that sickly sweet smell. That's what Jason's nose picked up. He knew instantly who it belonged to. He remembered a small town that had played host to a series of unusual events. He had met the Burned Man once before, when the nightmare had been impersonating his mother in order to enlist his help. That had ended in a fight between the two and a trip to hell for them both. The small town in question, however, had been where they had made their second encounter. Freddy (this was the name of the burned man, though Jason always thought of him as 'The Burned Man') had made a deal with Jason to increase his intelligence and heal his deformities in exchange for his services in his endeavor to rip apart all of reality. In order to do this Freddy used a book by the name of the Necronomicon Ex-Mortis. The book of the dead.

That damned book. Jason put down the Machete he had been sharpening and looked over at an end table. Speaking of the book... Jason stood up and crossed over to the table holding the Necronomicon. He picked it up and traced his fingers along the pattern of wrinkled human skin that served as a binding for the cursed book. Jason wondered what the Burned Man was planning; well whatever it was, "Not this time Crugar."

"Beautiful, is it not?" came a voice from behind Freddy.

He didn't even notice Miei's sudden appearance. "It looks like it's on fire." He said, softly.

"Indeed." Miei replied. "I had a reason for coming out here," she said thoughtfully, "Ah yes, Freddy I wish to inform you that our target is currently barreling toward you at approximately 15 miles an hour." She stated matter of factly.

Freddy barely had time to register her words, let alone do something about them, when he was tackled from behind by a very large and very angry Jason Vorhees. Freddy was knocked down and into the water with a rather undignified 'oof!' noise.

"Get off me you supersized retard!" Freddy yelled, flailing and

spluttering in the murky water.

The tremendous weight was then taken off of him quite suddenly and Freddy heard a loud crash like splintering wood as he was lifting his face out of the water and wiping the mud out of his eyes. When he finally looked up, he could see Miera standing over him with a cheshire smile adorning her features and holding out a hand for him. He batted her hand away stood up to see Jason Picking himself up from the remains of a decimated tree. Freddy looked at Miera and pointed at Jason, "Did you..?"

Miera nodded, "yes, as a matter of fact I did, now I suggest you get out of here and let me do my job." she said tersely.

"The hell I will!" Shouted Freddy angrily, "Miera you can't take Jason on by yourself!" 'Can she?'

"I assure you I most certainly can," replied Miera, sounding affronted, "Though I do so appreciate your concern." she said with a sneer.

"C-concern?" Freddy spluttered. "You think I give a rat's ass if you live or die?" By now Freddy was tripping over his words with rage. 'Do I care?' he wondered briefly before Miera who had grown impatient, grabbed him by the collar and flung him several feet away, just before Jason knocked him down again. This caused Miera to take the hit.

Freddy watched in awe as Miera bunny kicked Jason into the air and rolled away, sprung up onto her feet and pulled her sword out from...somewhere, all in one fluid motion. The move was cool, but seriously, where the hell was she keeping that thing?

"Jason Vorhees, I presume?" said Miera in a tone that dripped with sarcasm and malevolence.

The hockey masked killer responded by taking a fighting stance with his raised machete. Freddy couldn't help but notice how... intelligent that stance seemed. He also noticed the shock of long, dirty, blond hair that hung around his shoulders. 'So the effects of the necronomicon stuck, huh?' He mused. Then, 'I wonder just how much i increased his intelligence.'

Then Jason did something Freddy did not expect. He spoke. "Leave. Now." he said in a gruff baritone, green eyes hard and filled with hatred.

Then Miega's lips curled into that cheshire smile she got when she was planning something particularly cruel, "I have no intention of leaving without what I came for." She sneered.

To this, Jason raised his machete, "You were warned."

Then another unexpected thing happened. The blade of Jason's machete began to glow reddish-orange and an acrid smoke began to arise from the rubber grip of the blade where it was being held. It smelled of burning rubber and a smell that Fred Krueger would never forget: burning flesh. Jason dropped the weapon more out of surprise than pain. The hot metal made a hissing noise as it fell into the cool water below and a thick cloud of steam began to obscure the large killer's frame from view. The splashing sounds of Jason's retreat could be heard as the steam thickened.

"While I commend your ability to perform a forge charm, it was unnecessary for you to do so." Said Miega disdainfully. "Also, he got away because of it." She crossed her arms and looked pointedly at the nightmare, "I told you I didn't need any help." She said.

"I... wait-what?" Freddy was now completely lost and confused. "what the hell is a forge charm?" He asked, since it was the question at the forefront of his mind.

"A forge charm, Freddy," she said very slowly as though she were explaining the purpose of a bendy straw to a four year old, "Is a charm that can be used to heat metal or metallic objects; such as the blade of a machete. "It is referred to as a forge charm because of its obvious usefulness to any metalworker capable of performing it."

Freddy looked at his hands, both terribly burned, one with a knife decked glove. "But... I didn't do that, did I?" He wondered aloud.

Miega looked at him with wide, shock filled eyes, "You mean to tell me that you performed a forge charm on accident?" she said incredulously.

"Whatever," said Freddy, "what really matters right now is going after Jason." Freddy didn't actually care if they caught the glorified zombie, he just wanted to change the subject. While the arrival of a new power or ability usually excited the nightmare, he usually had to consciously work toward gaining that skill and he also usually had complete control of his powers. He found it disturbing that he had performed a complex charm without consciously knowing it. What was worse was that it was a fire-based charm. Freddy had a... thing about fire.

"We need not worry about that," said Mica, pulling Freddy from his thoughts as she picked up Jason's machete, "He will surely come looking for this." She gave the blade a few experimental swipes through the air as she said this. "Now, let's get back to the cabin and dry off." She turned on her heel and Freddy followed her out of the shallow water and back to the cabins.

Jason watched the whole scene from the cover of a cluster of small laurel trees by the shore of the lake. Apparently what had happened to his machete had been the Burned Man's doing. Some kind of spell. He chuckled as he let his fingers trace the flesh binding of the necronomicon, he could do magic as well.

6. How to Seek Revenge Part 2

How to live with monsters: How to seek revenge part 2

Jason paced his cabin; agitated but also excited. Freddy, the Burned Man, the Night Mare King, the Dream Demon. Jason had been fascinated and appalled by him. Fascinated because of the dangerous and terrifying nature of him. He seemed to radiate danger, yet Jason felt a strange pull toward the Dream Demon. He was appalled by him because of the horrible burns that marred his flesh, the crooked and predatory smile that sent shivers down his spine, but most of all he hated those cold and dead blue eyes. Jason could also remember his voice; that cold, gravelly, hate filled voice...

*"Remember me, Hockey Puck?" came a cold voice from somewhere in the shadows. "Did you miss Me, Jason?" Jason felt a shiver run down his spine as the voice came closer. "I sure missed you." Jason turned toward the coy that was coming ever nearer. "I'm sorry about what happened," Said the Nightmare now standing before the Hockey Masked Killer. "I didn't mean for us to end up trying to kill one another," Freddy gave Jason that predatory smile that filled Jason with fear and... Something else, something foreign. "I just got so caught up in the **heat** of the moment." As he said this, Freddy traced Jason's face with a metal claw. Jason wondered why he wasn't trying to get away, or even fight the other male. "I need you, Jason." Said Freddy in a low and husky voice that made the pit of Jason's stomach feel strange. "I need your help." The look of hunger in Freddy's eyes caught and held Jason's gaze captive. Again that cold metal claw traced down his cheek, this time hooking under his mask and pulling it up to rest on the top of his head, exposing his face. A face that was hideously deformed. Freddy looked at him, not with disgust, but rather with a cold curiosity. "Would you like to be handsome, Jason?" He asked. "I could do that for you, and I could make you smarter as well, would you like that?" Jason Nodded as he felt Freddy press against his chest. He was surprisingly warm. "Where is the book, Jason?" He asked his breath ghosting over Jason's. "Where is the Necronomicon Ex Mortis?" Jason's heart would have stopped if it were still beating. His mother had used the Necronomicon to resurrect him and she had warned him to guard the book with his life and never reveal its whereabouts to anybody. "If you give me the Necronomicon, Jason, I can make you beautiful, I can make*

you smart, and most of all, I can make you happy." Jason began to step back from the Nightmare, when Freddy put a hand on his waist to stop the retreat. Jason felt hot breath on his lips and it made his stomach twist in an odd way. "The book, Jason, I need it." Jason tried again to move away, but then-

Jason's eyes snapped open. "No!" he shouted aloud, he would not think of that! Freddy had used him to get the Necronomicon, just as he had used him to gain a foothold out of hell some years before. True, he had kept his promise, but in the end he had only been in it for himself. He wondered what he was using the girl for. The one with the incredible strength. Had she been tricked like he had been? Perhaps he should try and warn her away from Freddy, or even better, convince her to help him kill the nightmare once and for all.

To Be Continued...